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dence at Westminster was then prov-
ed against him by the short hand
writer.

**MALIGNITY OCCASIONED BY INFERIOR-
ITY.**

When Garrick once complained
to Sir Joshua Reynolds of daily

sarcasms with which he was annoyed
from Foote, the comedian, Sir Joshua
answered, "that Foote, in so do-
ing, gave the strongest proofs pos-
sible of sensibly feeling his own in-
feriority; as it was always the lesser
man who condescended to become
malignant and abusive."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIMPLE REPEAL.

WHEN Johnny first landed in discord's
sad gale,
He spread our divisions by his "pale" and
no "pale,"
Though all had one *creed* then o'er hill and
o'er dale,
He divided to plunder old Granuwale.

Bubberoo, didderoo, Granuwale,
Sure Johnny loves Granua, oh yes! like
a whale;
But the times very soon, my good friends
I'll go hail,
Will give independence to Granuwale.

Division still bent on our land to entail,
Of our *creeds* he next labours himself to
avail,
His Paddy Mc'Kews often hatch a false tale
To bring down the taws upon Granuwale.
Chorus, &c.

Our *own* titled dupes with a time-serving
tail,
Of expectants and jobbers all ready for
sale,
Now strive by *his clauses* our rights to
curtail,
And barter the faith of old Granuwale.
Chorus, &c.

But oh! should these jobbers again dare
to rail,
Or Granua's best rights for base lucre re-
tail,
To aggregate meetings make instant appeal,
And purge the grand council of Granua-
wale.

Chorus, &c.

The union of creeds 'bove all other things
hail,
And discord's vile sons 'bove all others as-
ail,
By UNION alone will you ever prevail,
While discord's the bane of old Granuwale.

Chorus, &c.

Then sons of great Bryan, O'Connor,
O'Neil,
Whether rolling in coaches, or thrashing
with flail,
Henceforth one and all shout "a simple
repeal,
No *veto* or *clauses* for Granuwale."

THE FAMILY OF THE BULLS.

AN old Roman dupe, Quarantotti by
name,
Has sent forth his *bull* the wild Irish to
tame,
But Erin's no place now to pass off such
stuff,
Of the Bulls, Heaven knows, we've had
more than enough.

A Roman *bull* first made our countrymen
slaves,
John Bull left them nought but bogs,
mountains, and caves,
On their clergy he now wants a *veto*, O ho!
To work them like puppets played off at a
show.

Should *Bull*, thro' his *veto*, of priests make
his tools,
He'd burden and goad us like asses and
mules,

This point to obtain now he'll promise
and bribe,
And all to *pure love* for the Papists ascribe.

Thus Janus-faced *Corney*, and seat-selling
Bob,
To carry the Union, that infamous job,
Protested, kind souls! to the powers a-
bove,
That *Bull*, by his Union, meant nothing
but love.

A similar love for Dissenters to shew,
Bull took their *once* patriot clergy in tow,
They swallowed the bait, but soon found
to their cost,
By his *Royal Bounty* their freedom they lost.

His church and state clergy *must muzzle*
their *clack*,
Dissenters he *gaze*, thro' his agent *Pope*
BLACK,
Our senate he bought, so to have us quite
dumb,
On the Catholic clergy he'd fain lay his
thumb.

Supposing the natives this bargain should
clinch,
And *Bull* wish to break it, he *might* pack
a bench,
To settle the difference by saying "in sense
Pretence just means *purpose*, and *purpose*
pretence."

Then wise from experience, alas! dearly
bought,
No more in such traps shall the *Natives* be
caught,
No never shall *Bull* by his scheming and
lies,
Our last plank of liberty take by surprise.

POETRY.

AN EVENING'S CONTEMPLATION IN
A FRENCH PRISON; BY A PRISON-
ER. PRINTED AT ARRAS, AND
SOLD BY THE AUTHOR. PRICE
EIGHT SOLS.

THE Sun's bright orb retiring dimly
glares;
In strict compliance with the law of
pow'r,
Each prisoner to his cheerless roof repairs,
And I in thought amuse the vacant hour.

Now sable night o'er all her mantle throws,
And solemn silence reigns throughout
the yard,

Save where you yet ran to his station goes,
A poor disabled solitary guard.

Save that from yonder room in mournful
strains,
With melancholy tone and plaintive air,
Some tender father to the night complains,
Of children left without a parent's care.

Within these ramparts by fam'd *Vauban*
made,
Where hapless youths for freedom learn
to weep,
On beds of humble straw till morning laid,
The brave and dauntless sons of *Nep*!
tune sleep.

The pilot, steering with his wonted skill,
The song the seaman sings who heaves
the lead,
The calls of duty, or the pipes long trill,
No more must rouse them from the low-
ly bed.

For them no more the joys of home re-
turn,
Or social friends their welcome tables
keep;
No grateful sight now bids their bosoms
burn,
Of Britain's isle emerging from the deep.

Oft have they been in glorious triumph
found,
O'er naval force of hostile pow'r's com-
bined,
And oft the brows of gallant chiefs have
bound
With myrtle green 'midst rosy wreaths en-
twin'd.

Oh let not grandeur, with contemptuous
smile,
Mock their sad fate and destiny severe,
Nor pleasure's votaries in fair Albion's isle;
Cast on these captives a disdainful sneer.

The potent monarch with the splendid
throng,
And those whom buxom health adorns
with bloom,
To death's stern mandate must attend ere
long,
And sink to prison in the silent tomb.

Nor you, ye great, impute the fault to
those
Who in this realm high posts of honour
share,